PARENTS SCAN LINE, SEEKING HERO SONS

Stand at 80th Street Filled With Proud Fathers and Mothers.

GIRL LEADS THE ROOTERS

Siren Voiced Enthusiast Seemed to Know All by Their First Names.

"Well, father, we felt bad when the war come and took Dan away, but it sort of pays, doesn't it, to have all New York turning out to see him march up Fifth avenue again?"

And it was true as truth to her, the middle-aged woman who sat with her husband on the reviewing stand at Eightieth street, both of them straining their eyes in the eager effort to pick out their soldier from the thousands marching by. Some 100,000 (more or less) wives, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, friends, &c., who likewise watched the parade would have differed with this pair of parents on the proposition that it was all in honor of Dan. But she knew it was, and though she didn't formulate the thought she probably knew that the bright sun shining out of the cloudless blue sky also was arranged by an appreciative Providence for her son.

And after all she never caught sight of Dan! She had it all fixed how they were to watch out for him. "Now, father," she said to the grizzled man with a service star on his coat lapel, when the wounded had passed and Major-Gen. John F. O'Ryan, at the end of the long wait between the two sections, rode up at the head of the unscarred troops to the sound of deafening cheers—"now, father, you look the way they're coming and I'll look the way they're going, and between us we can't miss him."

Wounded Men Cause Deep Stir.

"The boys all look alike with their tin hats and packs and guns," grumbled father. And as it turned out they did look so much alike as to foil this watching mother.

It was easier for the friends of the wounded to pick out their boys—oh, sadly easy for them. As the hundreds, the unending hundreds, it seemed, of men with amputated limbs, with shell shock, with dark glasses over marred eyes, were carried slowly past in automobiles piloted carefully by the Red Cross Motor Corps girls, something that was strangely at variance with the glory of the day fell upon the watching throngs.

"There's too many of 'em," muttered one old man as he looked.

"What I say is," burst in a plump woman, whose eyes were running and whose nose was fast getting a brilliant pink, "what I say is every one of those boys ought to be made independent for life. They're entitled to it."

"As-so-lute-ly," agreed the old man.

They were jolly, though, most of those wounded heroes, and be it said that they had every inducement to be so yesterday. They sat in nests of oranges, were buried in chocolates and cigarettes, they had flowers in their buttonholes, flowers tucked in their overseas caps, flowers flung on the hoods of the open cars in which they rode. And best of all they had liquid refreshment in green bottles. What is it men drink out of green bottles? Whatever it is those wounded soldiers consumed it shamelessly tilting their bottles to the sunny sky with no apologies to William H. Anderson, and winking roguishly at the admiring crowd.

Showered With Cigars.

Well, they knew they were the darlings of New York, and maybe, under all the fun and the glory, they knew that however much the Government and their friends stand by them, there are tough days ahead of some of them, for camouflage it as one will it is hard for a chap in his youth to be maimed for life. And so, it being their day yesterday, they made the most of it.

"The pleasure's all yours," one impudent young rascal of a doughboy yelled from an ambulance of the National League for Women's Service, waving his crutch in salute to a pretty girl who leaned over from her seat in the stand, shrilling in excited soprano:

"Oh, you boys, if we ain't glad to have you back!"

One automobile load of wounded men, perhaps finding the cigarettes with which they were showered a bit insipid, cupped imploring hands at the folks in the stand at Eightieth street and roared in impassioned bass, tenor, baritone, &c.:

"Cigars! Heave us some cigars!"

Instantly there was an avalanche of good fat ones. How one stand held so many cigar smokers was a mystery. And a loud laugh went up when a dignified matron hauled a handful of Havanas from her shopping bag and threw them with unerring aim into that car.

"I thought some soldier would want some, so I took a few of my husband's. I smoke nothing stronger than cigarettes myself," she explained to the friends with her.

The Caisson of the Dead.

It was a good thing to have these incidents to bring the feelings back to the normal after the great if noble sadness of watching the flower draped caisson go by, and the mighty honor roll with its 1,940 stars. There were, by the way, few gold stars to be seen on the sleeves of those on the stands and in the sidewalk crowds. Yesterday doubtless was a day for the wearers of gold stars to keep at home. But one gold star there was on the stand at Eightieth street. The man who bore it on his left arm was as ardent as anyone there in cheering the marching comrades of his son who had died.

"His brother," touching the star with a work-worn forefinger, "his brother is down there, walking with the boys of the 107th. Don't know as I could have come if it hadn't been for that. One come back and one is buried in France," said the man. "Well, I ought to be glad I got one son left."

The caisson came at the end of a period of restlessness of the waiting crowds, for though it was only 11:30 o'clock when it rolled somberly, impressively past the official reviewing stand in front of the Metropolitan Museum, with the saddleless led horses behind, many on the stands and in the street had been there for hours. To be sure the airships had been dipping and swooping above, and then there were the splendid young West Pointers in their blue uniforms, drawn up in front of the reviewing stand, to look at and admire. And the folks in the stands had the distraction of watching and feeling sorry for the folks who had to perch on their own two feet and peer over other standees' heads, and the standees had the excitement of seeing an occasional fainting woman carried over their heads to the side street.

Then there were the people in front seats who would stand up regardless of the loudly expressed feelings of those behind. The remonstrances of the gentle old darky who acted as usher and guard for that section had no effect whatever on those excitable people. They'd sit down for a minute, and then something would happen a block down the avenue, the crowd bursting through the police lines or something, and up they would pop again.

Pests in the Stands.

"Why is it the folks in front always want to stand up and the folks behind always want to sit?" asked somebody.

"They gotta sit down or something'll happen," burst out a man with a white goatee and a slouch hat and a lunch box and two service stars on his coat. "SIT DOWN!" he roared.

"Sit down!" a dozen other backseaters took up the cry.

Then they'd sit down, and then they'd get up, and the same comedy would be enacted. When the caisson came the backseaters didn't see it at first, and there arose protests as the frontseaters stood up.

"This is one of the times we've got to stand," one of the latter told them, and like a mighty human wave the massed occupants of the stands stood up.

"It isn't the caisson makes me feel so sad as it is those horses without their riders," sniffed one woman. "Somehow there's something about a led horse without a rider that spells tragedy to me."

Well, and then, as the bugler in the reviewing stand sounded "taps," and the strains of Chopin's "Funeral March," played by the Pelham Bay Naval Training Station Band, floated down the avenue, along came the wounded driven by the Motor Corps girls. The wounded didn't monopolize the ovation. The girls in their uniforms came in for some. Lots of the folk who watched knew the various girls, or some of them, by name, and if they had been inexperienced drivers or prone to personal pride they might have been disastrously distracted by the yells that greeted them.

"Hey! There's Dorothy! Oh, you Dorothy, you're all right!" shrieked a stocky gentleman as Dorothy C. Smyley, commander of the Transportation Corps for the Atlantic Division of the American Red Cross, went by at the wheel of a car holding six men, each with a crutch sticking up. Did Commander Smyley justify her surname? She did not. No smiles for the side line from this commander while in charge of a fleet of Red Cross cars full of heroes.

Other persons recognized other fair drivers and made similar impetuous attempts to upset discipline, with no success.

"Ho, Caroline—— Caroline!" screeched one fond father as he beheld the pride of his home driving a car like a veteran. "Say, that girl got up before sunrise to report with the Montclair unit at 8 o'clock," he confided to a standful of persons who didn't care a snap for his Caroline.

Motor Girls Made a Hit.

But they cared for the Motor Corps girls as a whole, that crowd did. Yes, many a heart felt a little thrill as they saw the way those drivers played their part in the parade, and remembered that all through the war just such women and girls had been playing their various parts just as earnestly and well.

It was, on the whole, quiet in the stands while the wounded went by—quiet compared to the noise that came after; but the quiet wasn't the fault of one young girl who stood on her bench all through, regardless of the remonstrances of those behind. She felt that those maimed men deserved yells, and she opened her mouth and yelled. She was a steam siren, that girl—and she was little, too—but if this country ever goes to war again and wants to guard against enemy airships the Government should certainly hire that slip of a girl. She's the black-eyed one in the big hat who sat near the big tree in the middle of the Eightieth street stand. Very fine set of teeth she has, and every one of them was on view during the whole of the parade.

"Hooray, hooray, hooray!" she sirened unceasingly. Then, "Hooray, Jimmie!" she shrieked.

"Her sweetheart's passing," conjectured the folks around her.

But it wasn't two minutes before she was yelling at the top of that remarkable voice, "Hooray, Mike!" Presently she varied it to "Hooray, Charley," and "Hooray, Phil," and so on through the list of masculine names, and everybody began to wonder how the girl had got so many friends and brothers and sweethearts in the army. Some one asked her.

"Sure I don't know any of 'em," she said cheerfully. "But this crowd's too cold, and I figure it out the boys like to have some one act as if we knew their names. So I just yeall names I know some of 'em must have. Come, now, help me yell—Hoo-o-ray, Willyum!"

So the seemingly endless stream of the wounded went by, and at last it did end.

The Highlanders Appear.

Up the avenue disappeared the last of the cars with valiant boyish faces grinning in the face of injury and disability—those dauntless faces varied, alas, by faces vacant or twitching from shell shock, or sad with a hurt too bitter to be borne with a smile, or worst of all, scarred and disfigured. As the last of them passed a sigh passed over that Eighteenth street stand and one elderly man muttered:

"I don't want to see any more of that. Say, this is the first time I took it in what France has suffered."

"Yes, and England too," echoed a woman with the Union Jack in her buttonhole. "Oh, see, there's some Highlanders," she cried.

The Highlanders in their kilts, who were walking up the avenue with some Canadian soldiers, were cheered by the folks on the stand, who watched with anxiety their argument with a policeman, who thought they ought to go over to Madison avenue. A sigh of relief went up from the stand when the cop relented and waved them on.

Groups of wounded soldiers arrived from time to time on foot shepherded by efficient yound Red Cross nurses. Every time a group came and was led to the private stands erected in front of the private houses on the east side of the avenue the west side stand held its breath till they were seated.

"Will the folks give those soldiers places?" a hundred voices would breath. Of course, they always did.

And a crowd of well soldiers who sat in the stand on the lower east side corner of Eightieth street reciprocated by giving seats to several frightened children whom they hauled up from the frightful crush below.

Crowds Impressive by Numbers.

While it was never so bad as the masses that broke the police lines by sheer weight of numbers down around Twenty-third street, it was not the place for delicate women or little children. But there were children there, oh, yes—even babies in gocarts propelled by gaping mothers who ought to have known better. Now and then when the people started one of those surging movements to which crowds are prone, and the officers pushed them back, using no more force than they were compelled to use to keep the line, but pushing, there would be screams from women caught in the mass, and shrill cries of "Mamma, mamma!" from little ones separated from their guides. One whole family of children, a tiny girl in a fur tippet and two smaller boys, were handed bodily from the middle of the throng to the front, where a big cop fathered them through the whole of the parade.

When, the parade having fairly begun, the lines at Madison avenue and Eightieth street were released by the police, and the masses that had waited there made a wild break for Fifth avenue and places in the front line, the west side stand facing that side street got a swift moving picture of what New York might see if the menace that hangs over Europe spread to America.

"If that was an uprising—if those people were Bolsheviki instead of citizens racing to see a parade of loyal troops—" murmured a girl with bobbed hair as she leaned forward. What a mob it looked for a minute—old men and young, women running so fast that their hair came tumbling down, women with babies carried on their hips, women dragging breathless tots by the hand—all struggling, panting for places. It gave one a vision of what a crowd might be if it turned ill-tempered; but this one was wholly good-tempered, and there were funny things about it, too. And above it hovered, in spots of vivid yellow and red, dozens of toy balloons which their distracted vendors, torn between commercial instinct and the longing to see the soldiers, clutched even as they ran.

Honor for Police Dog.

Also the dog was there, the inevitable East Side dog, dodging the humans, but feeling that he had a right to see what there was to be seen. Doubtless, as a pretty girl on the official stand suggested, the East Side dog had heard that the famous mascot of the 106th Infantry, Don, the brave police dog who won two wound stripes on the other side, was to be in line, and wished to do honor to this pride of the canine race.

As the parade went on and the half-hours passed the vulgar thought of food intruded itself amid considerations of pride and patriotism and glory. Lucky folk on the stands who had had the foresight to bring lunchboxes opened them and began to munch. Generous souls shared their goodies with those who had none, and a mutual good-nature and fellow-feeling grew and grew, except in one case in which a juicy tomato played a leading role.

A small boy was eating the tomato, which was given him by his father out of a well-packed lunch-box.

"Now, Sammie, you lean forward so you don't get the juice on your new clothes," cautioned Father. Sammie obeyed, and presently arose a shriek from the lady in front.

"What's that wet trickling down my neck?" wailed the lady.

It was the juice from Sammie's tomato.

And did the soldiers get anything to eat during the march? They did. The Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Police Department and the Knights of Columbus looked out for the inner man of our heroes. The marching men of course had to wait till they reached 110th street before they ate, but the wounded who occupied seats in the stand were fed from the beginning to the end of the celebration. First of all two huge lunch vans, glistening with new blue paint and bearing the letters "N. Y. P. D." came rumbling along, great kitchens on wheels. What a shout went up from the uniformed men in the Eightieth street stand when a half dozen white-aproned men jumped down from the van and began throwing wrapped sandwiches and other good things up into their eager fists. The wounded men seated further up the avenue had a special helping.

The Red Cross Service.

The Red Cross Canteen service not only maintained emergency food stations at Washington Square, Hoboken, Long Island City and other points during the parade, but took food to the spectators from the military hospitals who were seated along the line. The Salvation Army took a large hand in this work. The army lassies had the night before baked nearly 100 mince and apple pies at the special request of 400 wounded from the Greenhut Hospital, who had front seats in the stand at Eighteenth street, and who from experience in France know what good pie the army makes.

There were in all 3,000 wounded from the Greenhut hospital on this stand, and what with the Red Cross and the Army they all got pie, as well as sandwiches and candy and cigarettes and fruit. But it was the pie that went to the spot, and Major-Gen. O'Ryan himself didn't get a louder cheer than did those pretty nurses who came bearing pie.

The wounded lads from Greenhuts, wrapped in blankets and wearing their ward slippers, marched from the hospital to the stand in good order. Civilians who occupied seats promptly surrendered them and the boys were comfortably settled, with plenty of nurses to watch out for their needs. Only one wounded man found the effort too much for him and began to shake with a chill just as Gen. O'Ryan appeared riding up the avenue. An army nurse led the shaking patient back to his warm bed in the hospital.

"Tough luck to have to go after waiting so long," said the unfortunate one's pal.

The Salvation Army wasn't represented in the parade, but it was represented, most ably, at 110th street, where the men disbanded, by 50,000 doughnuts and unlimited coffee, handed out to the marchers by lassies and men in the familiar garb of the organization.

The Knights of Columbus looked out for their special friends in a stand in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Two thousand people were in place there before the parade began. There was a pretty ceremony when the "great white fleet" of the K. of C. the huge auto buses carrying 200 of the casuals of the division, rolled past. When the fleet, which was in charge of Nicholas J. Duffy, drew opposite the stand twenty K. of C. girls showered the wounded with flowers. Major-Gen. O'Ryan, who is a member of the Bronx Council, got a rousing ovation, and stopped his horse to wave his hand in salute. The Rev. Francis A. Kelly, whom the Twenty-seventh boys call the fighting chaplain, was likewise applauded there.

Major Pissard is Promoted.

PARIS, March 25.—Major L. Pissard, general secretary of the Commission for Franco-American War Affairs, has been promoted to the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honor.

TANKS LANDED IN DUBLIN.

Military Prepares to Check De Valera Demonstration.

LONDON, March 25.—In reporting the issuance of the proclamation at Dublin forbidding meetings and processions in that city on the date of Prof. Edward de Valera's arrival and reception, the *Mail* says there was some military activity in Dublin yesterday. The newspaper states that ten armored cars were landed from a steamship during the day and that their passage through the streets of Dublin attracted much attention.

It was announced by the Sinn Fein executive in Dublin on March 22 that Edward de Valera, who recently was elected President of Ireland by the Sinn Fein organization, would arrive in Ireland on Wednesday evening, March 26, when the executive of the Irish Parliament would offer him a national welcome.

Two Killed by Airplane's Fall.

LAWTON, Okla., March 25.—Lieut. Hiley C. Hyde of Columbia, Mo., and Cadet William M. Crabtree of Jamestown, N. D., were killed instantly to-day when the airplane in which they were flying fell into a wheat field, half a mile south of Lawton.

TRACTION COMPANY TO APPEAL

Toronto Line Penalized for Curtailing Service.

LONDON, March 25.—The Privy Council to-day granted the Toronto Street Railway Company leave to appeal in its case against the city of Toronto.

The case raises questions springing from the action of the Ontario Railway Municipal Board in penalizing the company for not providing more cars.

Boy Burned to Death.

PHILADELPHIA, March 25.—Fire in the downtown section to-day burned three dwellings. In one a two-year-old boy was burned to death and his mother suffered a broken back, jumping from a window with an infant in her arms. Two other women had legs and arms broken jumping from windows.

Hartford Bars "Red" Meetings.

HARTFORD, March 25.—An ordinance which would make unlawful Bolsheviki and Industrial Workers of the World meeting; which prohibits the display of the red flag and the distribution of ultra radical literature, was adopted by the Aldermen last night. The penalty would be a fine of $100 and six months in jail.